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THE BOY'S DREAM OF WAR.

BY PROFESSOR W. N. TRUEBLOOD.

The lettered page, that told of war
And clustered camps that blazed afar,
Had fallen from his listless hand;
But in his mind the kindled fire
Of that war page burned high and higher,
And brighter flamed the battle brand.

He saw distinctly, through the storm,
A wildly fierce, exultant form
Flit here and there above the plain;
And everywhere, with shouts, it passed,
And pointed onward through the blast,
Where poured the streams of leaden rain.

And everywhere, with wilder shout
And wilder spirit, rushed the rout,
And louder roared the battle strife;
Sublime, the fires of courage burned,
Sublime, the haughty spirit spurned
All thoughts of low and coward life.

The sweeping lines were grand to see;
The booming guns—the cavalry—
A mighty tide of power were they;
And in his soul a glory sprung,
And in his ears a music rung,
The soldier's music of the fray.

Then beckoned him that shad'wy form,
And, pointing proudly to the storm
That rolled its fiery tide afar:
"Behold my throne—that sulph'rous air;
Behold my power and subjects there;
I am the mighty king of war.

"The countless hosts of earth are mine;
I ruled them in the olden time,
I sway them as I list to-day.
Behold those kings of haughty mien,—
That trample, reckless, o'er the slain,
They know the glory of my sway.

"And prince and beggar—all have knelt
Before my throne, and in them felt

The mounting joy of my renown—
All reckless trampled down the earth,
All heedless tore the ties of birth
To win my bay's unfading crown.

"Oh, glorious is the power I wield!
The earth is but a tented field,
Which battle-thunders now enfold."
He raised his arm and waved it high,
He flashed his truncheon o'er the sky,
And on the battle surges rolled.

The boy stood long with kindled soul
And watched the fiery billows roll
And dash their fury towards the sky—
The sulph'rous vapor rolling dun,
The flashing lines, the roaring gun—
And felt his spirit mounting high.

But when it passed, he turned him back,
To view the glory of its track,
And very horror stunned his soul.
A black'ning waste of rotting bones,
Of fenceless fields and fallen thrones
Stretched backward like an endless scroll.

"Oh, God!" he cried, "is this the road
Of that great king, so like a god,
That sweeps in glory through the world?"
He turned to see—and far away,
Upon the low horizon gray,
The sulph'rous war cloud madly whirled.

Upon its edge, in bold relief,
There flamed the mighty demon chief,
And waved his red arms in the air;
And on his face was written clear
The devil's scowl, the demon's leer,
And on his breast was—*Lucifer*.

RICHMOND, IND.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of the American Peace Society met in Pilgrim Hall, Congregational House, Boston, May 8, 1893, at 2.30 P.M., with the President, Hon. Robert Treat Paine, in the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. C. B. Smith.